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EDITOR'S PAGE

WHAT CAN HIGH
SCHOOL TEACH US?

Most of us take high school more or less as a matter of course; when we enter the Freshman Class, we take no occasion to consider whys or wherefores. But when we have duly pursued our rather varied school life up to the point where we begin to contemplate graduation and a diploma, we might stop a moment and reflect upon two questions. They are these—quite simple, but worth answering: Why have we come to high school? What shall we have learned when we finally graduate? To some of us, high school is a preparation for college and higher learning; to others, a preparation for a business position; but to all of us, it represents a training for positions as men and women of the world.

We come to high school (perhaps unknowingly) in order to learn how to conduct ourselves in the world; how to meet emergencies, and how to shoulder responsibilities. If, during our four (or five, or six) years, we learn that we can stand before a class and address them without being quite overcome with stage-fright, then we have really accomplished something great. If we can learn to get our work done on time, and not a week late, then we have gained something not easily lost. If we can manage to study without being vigilantly watched over, then perhaps we have learned something worthwhile. And if we master only one of these, then our high school education will not be in vain.

There is something else worth

learning, and worth keeping, which may be learned in high school just as well, and even better than anywhere else. It is consideration for our neighbors and classmates. We can see in high school how this consideration is practised, and how it is *not* practised. We have ample opportunity to try it ourselves; to check up on ourselves, and see if we do respect the feelings of others. Thus we can acquire a truly useful requisite for success.

All these qualities will be helpful in gaining knowledge of what high school should teach us primarily: how to take our parts as citizens of our country. When our forefathers planned a system of public schools, they were said to be for the purpose of education for democracy. When high schools were instituted, the same aim was in the minds of those who established them. Today we should not forget the fundamental motive of our public schools: "Education for Democracy". And with this in mind, by the time we graduate we can know, at least to our own satisfaction, why we came to high school, and what it has taught us.

WASHINGTON'S AGE AND OURS

This year the entire nation and a large part of the world are celebrating the event of George Washington's birth. Two hundred years ago the man who is called the Father of the American people was born. In contemplating this great man's life and the circumstances of his career, we cannot help but notice the great dif-

ference which exists between his age and ours.

First, we will call to mind the many conveniences meant to lighten man's labor which have been brought into the world, and compare these with the arduous ways of completing tasks in Washington's day. On a Monday morning the housewife does not strain her back and arms over a wooden tub; an electric washing-machine does the work more efficiently, and leaves her much less tired. A vacuum cleaner sucks the dirt from her rugs, and she does not spend time and energy laboriously beating them. She does not spend hours painstakingly taking stitches on her clothing, as Washington's mother did. With her electric sewing-machine she sews up a seam in less time than it takes to tell, and after plugging the iron in the wall, quickly presses out the finished garment. Today news is not relayed by men on horseback, travelling day and night to convey an important message. The telephone and telegraph send our messages, and communication is carried on over the sea. Innumerable other conveniences do our work today more quickly, more efficiently, and with much less labor than it was done in Washington's day.

To our conveniences we may add a list of the comforts with which this age has blessed us, and compare these with the comforts that Washington had. Foremost comes the radio, which offers entertainment, learning, current news, fine music, and numerous other useful items. Washington had nothing to compare with this invention of modern science. The fireplace of colonial days burned the faces but in no way warmed the backs of our forefathers. Today we have electric heaters, oil burners, steam heat, steam regulators, by

which we may raise or lower the temperature of a room as we wish. Reading at night was done by candle-light. What a comfort our electric lights are to us!

Next we shall consider the opportunities of education open to the students of today, as compared with those of yesterday. During colonial days he was a fortunate boy who received any education at all. Poor children could learn only from their parents. The very rich could be tutored in their homes and then sent abroad to complete their education. Today rich and poor alike share the opportunity for further education. Night schools provide learning for those who must work. Scholarship funds, athletic rebates, loan funds are available in the schools and colleges. It has been said of Harvard, the greatest college in New England, that no boy who worked hard and had some ability has ever, in the history of that school, been dismissed because of financial difficulties. This is one example of the attitude of the schools of the country today, all of which are eager to lend a helping hand to boys and girls desirous of an education.

Dorcas Curley, '32

EVERY MAN NATURALLY DESIRES TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE

I suppose everyone has wished to be President. Just think how gratifying it would be to be known everywhere one goes, to be able almost to dictate the laws of the United States, to be admired by everyone, to live a life of ease, to have one's picture in the newspaper at least every other day, and to be generally the most envied person in the United States.

Not so in the president's estimation. Most likely he wishes to be the

most obscure person of the smallest town in existence out West. Although the office quite generally is believed to be a life of ease, one look at his day's schedule would prove the fallacy of the belief. Also, although publicity is often a pleasant change, too much is always bad for the stomach, as is too much candy and turkey on Thanksgiving day.

Take the position of teacher also, for an example. It is the goal of every little girl's life I know. Why, to be able to sit at the front of the room, and order everyone about, to correct everyone's arithmetic papers and see what Mary, Jane, and Louise got, and above all, to make out the report cards would be the happiest event of anyone's life!

However, the teacher, as in the President's case, would give much to

get away on a week's vacation from her stupid class. Often she wishes she could tear up the arithmetic papers which have just prevented her going to the meeting of the "Tuesday Afternoon Bridge Club". And the report cards are also a bugbear. Mothers call up and say, "Why, how could anyone think of not giving poor, dear, Mary all A's? I just know she must be the smartest one in the room. You must have another pet, that's all. I think I'll see the principal about it." And she bangs down the receiver.

So, after all, it is only the fact that one is not what he wants to be that keeps one wishing to be someone else. If this were only realized there would be fewer discontented people in this world.

Jean Barker, '33



LITERARY



SPRINGTIME

As I ambled down the wooded lane, wrapped up in heavy thoughts of past experiences, it seemed as though the memories which had once lent me only sad precepts, had now, some joy besides. How light my heart felt as the south wind breathed her warm breath on my cheek, and conveyed to me the beckoning and romantic odors of the April woodland! The sun cast its alluring April smile upon me in his irresistible April way, healing in me all my wounds, and making me feel small in my own conceit. After all, life had more to offer than just trouble.

When I came to the trickling brook

I stopped for a moment with increasing happiness to listen to its new spring rhymes, and just a little longer to watch a leaf sailing serenely along on the crest of the ripples. Suddenly it was caught in a fierce whirlpool, and dashed around and around against the rocks and tree roots. It went out of sight in mad turmoil, but it came to the surface, and at last it found an escape from its treacherous imprisonment. It proceeded on its way again, a bit foam flecked, and scarred, but still following the course that leads to the gulf that harbors no eddies of trouble.

The trickling brook, the smiling sun, the budding trees, the warm South wind, and the air, all these I

took into my embrace with a happy sigh while the little song sparrow completed the scene in rendering the season's newest song "Springtime".

Irving Albrecht, '34

EVENING SONG

Once again the twilight settles
Over shaded wood and field,
Peace releases human turmoil,
Hearts to evening quiet yield.

The brook alone in tumult sounding,
Rushes from its rocky source,
Falling loudly, running swiftly,
On its ever-winding course.

Twilight does not check its rushing,
Nor of its labors grant surcease,
Evening bells at twilight ringing
Sing to it no song of peace.

So my heart continues striving,
When the world with peace is
blest;
Aching, hoping, always knowing
Only God can grant true rest.

—Hoffmann von Fallersleben

Translated from the German by
Dorcas Curley.

THE STORY OF MARCUS

The early sun cast its warm beams through the atrium, and Marcus, stretching his long straight limbs, drowsily contemplated his routine for the day. The morning sounds—cross Gaia's voice summoning the servant girls, the varied bleating of the animals, the rattle of the cutlery—all seemed to invigorate him.

Hastily throwing on his tunic and strapping his sandals, he made his way to his mother's side in the kitchen, where she was directing the tasks of the slaves. After his customary salutation, he anxiously

asked. "Have you heard from father?"

"No, Son," Marcia answered slowly, for deeply she knew what dangers were assailing them.

"I fear the burden of the estate is going to fall on your young shoulders all too soon," she said. Instinctively Marcus threw back his proud, dark head.

"I shall do my best, Mother." Then, passionately, "If only I could fight those barbarians! Surely I can pass for seventeen. See! I am tall, strong, and can ably wield the javelin."

Marcia smiled, just a bit proudly, just a bit wistfully, at the young giant towering above her, and said, "But what would the estate do without its young master, if he left it too? There will be sufficient time later for you to show your strength and valor in war, and, the gods willing, to be as worthy as your father. There, we cannot stand here talking foolishly when there are so many things to be done!"

"Marcus, you must see if Lucius has obeyed the commands of his master and sheared that last flock of sheep."

Marcus, bowing low, said, "As you will it, mother." He seized his staff and ran out into the clear sunshine.

Walking down the winding road, the youth, oblivious to the blue Italian sky, the balmy air, the purple misted Appenines in the distance, was deeply engrossed in thoughts of the fateful war the Romans were waging to keep Hannibal and his barbarian forces from conquering their beloved *patria*.

Presently Marcus left the road and followed a narrow path, well worn by the herd's daily parade over it, to a small camp by the edge of an icy mountain stream, which gurgled and sang on its tempestuous way.

"Heigh-ho there, Lucius," called Marcus, "where are you?"

"Here, Master." A vigorous though small man hastened into view.

"Have you followed the orders of my father, Lucius?" demanded Marcus.

"Yes, Master, the last flock has been sheared and the wool is ready to be taken down to the store-house."

"Good work, faithful servant." With these words Marcus turned to leave.

"Pardon, Master Marcus," the servant cried, "but would you like some fresh goat cheese and some olives? See, the sun predicts 'tis high noon."

"Gladly would I partake of your viands." Placing them in his pouch which hung at his side, Marcus was again on his way, swinging lithely through the shaded woods along the brook's side.

He soon found his favorite secluded spot and opened his pouch and began to eat his simple fare ravenously, as he had gone without his usual light breakfast.

After he finished eating, he decided to rest before going on to the road, which was now simmering in the mid-day heat.

His reveries of every young Roman's desire to join the army, were suddenly broken by harsh, discordant voices talking in uncultured Latin.

"I tell you, Hannibal is near Capua. Hasdrubal told me to go thence."

"No," another answered, "you have his instructions confused."

"Very well, pig-headed one, I will show you the plans myself." Then fell a deep silence, broken only by the rustle of parchment.

Intently Marcus lay, trying to peer through the screen of bushes which hid him from view. He saw

a tall, steely man with an almost black skin, and a short, stout individual, both dressed as Etruscan peasants.

"There," the tall man exclaimed, "Hasdrubal expects to reach Hannibal near Capua, hence they are both to advance and make a combined attack on Rome. Then we shall see if these Latins dare defy us."

After these words, Marcus lay stunned. What could he do? If only he could get the plans! These messengers must be stopped!

Rising slowly, he grasped his thick staff tightly and taking a heavy stone, heaved it with all his strength at the tall man, bowling him over. Then leaping through the bushes, he began to wrestle with the short man.

It seemed as though the very gods were watching the uneven struggle between the heroic lad and the two Carthaginians.

Suddenly, Marcus, remembering the instructions of his father, with a clever twist, threw the panting man, who, as he fell, knocked his head against a tree and lay insensible.

Turning instantly, Marcus was just quick enough to ward off the tall man, who had approached from behind and whose clawlike fingers were about to grasp the heroic Roman around the neck.

Inch by inch they began to advance towards each other, the boy with a prayer on his lips, the man with a snarl.

Suddenly they grappled and Marcus was thrown. Jumping to his feet, he was knocked down again. This time, through his numbed brain darted a plan of strategy. Lying still, he pretended to be unconscious. When his opponent leaned over him, Marcus with all his remaining strength leaped up and through this quick attack succeeded in throwing his attacker.

Lucius, having heard the great commotion, appeared on the scene and quickly, without question, tied up the legs and arms of the Carthaginian.

Panting and dizzy, Marcus fell on the ground and slowly regained his breath. Then going over to the tall man, he searched him and found the papyrus roll containing the plans of Hasdrubal who was encamped just beyond the Metaurus river.

Marcus told Lucius to watch the two men while he hastened to seek aid. Running as fast as his spent breath would allow him, he came in sight of his home, glistening in the sunshine. But what! Who were—? Then he gave an exultant shout. For there, shining resplendent in the field was his father's legion.

After what seemed eternity he reached his father's side.

"Father! Quick!" he gasped, "Read these!" and thrust the papers into his bewildered father's hands.

As his father read, his stern, sorrowful face lightened and took on a look of hope. Late that evening, the peaceful villa was alive with excitement.

Marcus, regarded as the hero of the day, was finally given permission to accompany his father's legion. Early dawn found the company on its way to the Metaurus river where Marcus would join forces with the legions of the consuls. Here they would make a surprise attack upon the unsuspecting Hasdrubal.

So Marcus left with the army, wrapped in his dreams of a glorious future which would be consummated by the triumph of the Roman Empire,—a triumph in which he, Marcus, had played this day an important part.

Claire Lebel, '34

AN EVENING IN THE REFERENCE ROOM

"That's my seat, I just got up to get a book!"

"Well that's your hard luck. I have it now!"

So the first speaker, who was a freshman, meekly sought another chair. On finding there were no more, he left the room; meekly, because the second speaker had been a senior, who was privileged to do anything he wanted to where there were freshmen. Inwardly the meek fellow was telling himself what he wouldn't do when he got to be a senior.

Presently the history students began to hunt for reference books. They had been there for half an hour but it had just occurred to them that they were there for study. "Who has Basset? I want it after you get through with it."

"You don't get it. I asked for it first."

"Oh yeah? Well it happens that he promised me the book even before you came in," chirped a third speaker. A grand scramble took place when the much desired Basset was placed back on the shelf. The tussle was put to an end by the arrival of the librarian, who had heard the noise from her station at the desk. She quickly located another copy of the same book for the students. This copy had been hidden in back of the World Books, by some fun-loving person, the day before.

Quiet reigned for a few minutes and anyone looking into the room would have seen six or eight boys and girls laboriously poring over their books. This tranquil scene was broken by a hearty laugh. It happened that some bright boy had thought of something very amusing, and unable to keep it to himself had

imparted his knowledge to his neighbor, who had in turn passed it along the line. The uproar that followed was heard at the desk, which was about twenty yards away, and the librarian stealthily approached through the children's room, to see if the criminal could be caught in the act. The noise maker was unceremoniously put out of the building and peace again descended. Except for an occasional giggle and whispering from the girls, it lasted until closing time.

Rita Carroll, '33

TALE OF A LONELY ROAD

It was one of those nights when King Darkness reigns over his kingdom with a powerful, frightening hand; a night for the hawk and the owl; a night for a lighted room, where you can sit reading and forget the inky blackness of the outer world; but not a night for a lonely road with huge, bordering oaks casting their gruesome shadows over it, with crumbling fences on both sides, parting to reveal murky pools of stagnant water, shadowed on all sides by drooping willow.

A figure approached along this road, a figure mysteriously ghost-like in the gloomy darkness. But don't be frightened. It was only myself.

I said, "Don't be frightened," but I must admit that I was overcome by just this thing. Who wouldn't be on such a night; and on such a road?

Slowly, I trod my way, fearing that at any minute that unknown something might leap upon me from behind those trees. Those same trees, the loyal servants of the king who was reigning that night, are the trees that all men love; yes, but in the daylight.

Then the ghost stories told at my

neighbor's house came back to me, as biscuits eaten before going to bed, coming back in a nightmare. Many and weird they were: the laughing ape, the cat of the Danish Prince, the headless....

But what is that? A white horse—but it isn't a horse....it has no head....Oh....the headless horse!

I started running full speed down the road, the ghost behind me. Suddenly I slipped and fell, skirmishing in the mud. There was a clang, a clatter, and a snort, and all the world went wrong.

When I managed to look up I saw a horse (which had a head) looking at a water pail, which was lying, dented and broken, on the ground at his feet.

I hope you boys who live in the country will measure the width of your horse's head, and be sure to give him a pail sufficiently large, for, who can tell, you may be the next victim of the headless horse.

John Kennedy, '34

A STREET IN THE SLUMS

Tall towering structures shut out the delightful and healthful sunlight. Across the street, about five stories up, a line of washing can be seen. Down in the street children of all ages are playing various games, pausing every so often to rush to safety to avoid a screeching truck. Then back to the cobblestones they flock. Ash cans, which have more debris on the sidewalk than within, can be distinguished at every door.

Now a worried mother shouts from a fourth story window to a dirty-faced urchin who has neglected to watch his tiny bow-legged brother. The young unfortunate at this moment is exercising his vocal chords to their best advantage.

Now the policeman, walking his

beat, surprises about half a dozen young boys who are shooting craps, quite unaware of his presence. Their rendezvous is quickly annihilated, and the tired policeman sighs as he continues his way.

Now some tiny boys playing ball, come running down the street. One, frightened, darts into a welcome doorway. Another hides behind a group of ash cans. A future Babe Ruth has broken the window of one of the many poor stores. The angry proprietor is seeking the culprit.

A young vagabond, seeing a group of poorly clad girls jumping rope, runs over and snatches the rope from the unsuspecting fingers of the children. Instantly a shout of dismay arises from ten young throats, and a young Lothario saunters over to investigate the row. Upon his attempt

to rectify the calamity he finds himself in the middle of a fight. Simultaneously two women, hair awry, wild eyed, red of face, come running from opposite doorways. Each grabs her offspring and commences to administer free advice to the other about bringing up children. The argument becomes heated, and the two women, temporarily mad, fly at each other's heads. Luckily, at the same moment, the policeman emerges from a corner and, after dispersing the enthusiastic on-lookers, calms the two enraged females.

Then, as after a war, peace and calm prevail again, and the humdrum goes on with no variations, except some trivial every day happening. Thus life goes on in the slum district.

John J. Phelan, Jr., '33



ATHLETICS



Johnson High wound up its 1931-32 basketball season March 17, 1932, when it defeated Merrimac High School 29-12. The season was highly successful, being one of the best ever enjoyed at the school. Out of 21 encounters, Johnson won 20, the last 19 of which were consecutive victories. The team is champion of the Lowell Suburban league; and also of the Little Three, Methuen, Woodbury, and Johnson. The complete year's schedule is as follows:

Johnson	19	Alumni	10
Johnson	50	Pepperell	55
Johnson	54	Woodbury	17
Johnson	47	Chelmsford	17
Johnson	14	Littleton	12
Johnson	21	Methuen	20
Johnson	17	Manning	12

Johnson	33	Billerica	14
Johnson	33	Groveland	17
Johnson	17	Littleton	13
Johnson	18	Chelmsford	13
Johnson	26	Manning	18
Johnson	33	Pepperell	6
Johnson	29	Methuen	16
Johnson	31	Groveland	12
Johnson	33	Billerica	15
Johnson	32	West Newbury	16
Johnson	36	Woodbury	30
Johnson	47	Merrimac	24
Johnson	22	West Newbury	19
Johnson	29	Merrimac	12

The basketball lettermen for 1931-32 are Captain Cyril Knowles, Arthur Bastian, Lewis Sanderson, Roland Foley, Leonard Slicer, John McEvoy, Hugh McClung, Thomas Wood, and Charles Donlan.



Courtesy Lawrence Tribune

JOHNSON BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM 1931-32

Back row (left to right): Hugh McClung, John McEvoy, Coach Alvah G. Hayes, Charles Donlan and Thomas Wood.

Front row (left to right): Ronald Foley, Arthur Bastian, Louis Sanderson, Cyril Knowles (*Captain*), Fred McRobbie and Leonard Slicer.

(Saunders Photo)



Courtesy Lawrence Tribune

JOHNSON GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM 1931-32

Back row (left to right): Irene Barron, Rita Carroll, Blanche Downing and Jean Barker.
Front row (left to right): Alice Feather, Martha Curley, Marjorie Gill (*Captain*), Eleanor Fitzgerald and Virginia Bixby.

At a recent meeting of the football lettermen, Thomas Barnes and Charles Donlan were elected as co-captains for the next year's football team.

Recently Arthur Bastian was elected captain for this year's baseball squad.

This year's baseball schedule is as follows:

May 10—Wilmington at Johnson
 May 13—Billerica at Johnson
 May 17—Johnson at Punchard
 May 20—Johnson at Chelmsford
 May 24—Punchard at Johnson
 May 27—Johnson at Billerica
 June 1—Johnson at Methuen
 June 3—Johnson at Wilmington
 June 6—Manning at Johnson
 June 8—Johnson at Manning
 June 10—Chelmsford at Johnson
 June 14—Methuen at Johnson

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team under the leadership of Marjorie Gill ter-

minated a very successful season. The final game on March 14 was contested with Methuen. The score was 19-5 in our favor. Of the 17 games the girls were the victors of 13 and defeated in four. Honors were brought to the school by the winning of the championship cups from the Lowell Suburban League and the Little Three and tying for honors in the Lawrence Suburban League with Punchard.

Johnson	34	Chelmsford	24
Johnson	23	Groveland	28
Johnson	36	West Newbury	4
Johnson	14	Woodbury	10
Johnson	37	Billerica	21
Johnson	14	Punchard	31
Johnson	22	West Newbury	9
Johnson	19	Methuen	5
<hr/>			
Johnson	199	Opponents	132

With all the letter men except Alice Feather candidates for 1932-33, Johnson should be outstanding.



ALUMNI NOTES



Luke C. May, a graduate of Johnson in 1925, married Miss Esther Greene, a graduate of the North Abington High School, on March 27.

Isabelle Dimery, who graduated from Johnson High in 1929, is now in training at the Faulkner Hospital, Jamaica Plains, Mass.

Ruth Paisley, a graduate of Johnson in 1925, and a graduate of Boston University in 1929, is now teaching in Concord High School, Vt.

Margaret Bower, who graduated from Johnson in 1930, attended Col-

by for a short time. She is now taking a course at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School, and has been carrying on observation work lately at Miss Michelmores' private kindergarten at the Center.

Miss Marian E. Glennie, who graduated from Johnson with the class of '29, is now a sophomore at Tufts College, and is one of the candidates for Vice-President of next year's student council at that institution. Miss Glennie, as social chairman of her class, was in charge of the arrangements for the Senior-Sophomore dance which was held in

March. She is a sophomore representative to the Glee Club and is also a member of the Alpha Xi Delta Sorority.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Roesch have recently announced the engagement of their daughter Esther to Mr. Kenneth Crawford. Miss Roesch graduated from Johnson High School in 1923, and from Jackson College in 1927. She is now employed as a technician for Doctor Josselyn of Boston. Mr. Crawford is a graduate of Tufts College.

Mr. and Mrs. John Metcalf of Church Street recently announced the engagement of their daughter Dorothy to Leland Buzzel of Methuen. Miss Metcalf is a graduate of Cannon's Commercial School, and is now employed as a secretary for the Street Railways Company. Mr. Buzzel graduated from Methuen High. He attended Hobart College for a year in Geneva, N. Y., and graduated from Philadelphia Tech. Mr. Buzzel is a well-known member of the Chadwick Club.

N. B. All contributions from the alumni will be greatly appreciated by the Editor.

The Alumni Department has been honored by a contribution from a former member of Johnson High School of the class of 1891. Miss Mabel Cheney was the valedictorian of her class, is a graduate of Salem Normal School, and is now teaching in Lawrence, Mass. The readers of the *Johnson Journal* will be pleased to read this article written by an alumna of the school.

MEMORIES OF A PATRIARCH OF THE NINETIES

Of course in those days the lure of the automobile and the movies was unknown. Thrills in our young lives were not very numerous. Occasion-

ally there was a box party when one filled her box with delicacies, only to have it purchased by the wrong boy. Now and then one was permitted to attend a Fireman's or an Odd Fellows' Dance, always in the company of one's father and mother. Such affairs were not wildly exciting, for never by any chance were any of the boys there and one must be content to step out the Virginia Reel or Portland Fancy with the father of her best friends, or even worse, to submit to the toe punishment of a waltz with one's own father.

So was it any wonder that we were thrilled to the core when it became noised about town that there was to be a real bona fide church wedding in the "Brown Church"? Church weddings were almost unheard of in our humble midst. Usually the front parlor or minister's house wedding was considered quite adequate to tie the knot securely. When it became known that our own austere principal was to take a prominent part in the wedding our interest knew no bounds.

At length the eventful day came. When the closing gong sounded there was a stampede for the corridor. Coats, hats, rubbers, umbrellas, and books were hastily collected, and a mad rush made for the church.

We were all there to a man. With one accord we sought the balcony as the best vantage point. Just imagine that motley array. It must be remembered that the girl of that day was not the attractive little piece of beauty that the present generation girl is. Low heeled, broad-toed shoes, always plentifully encrusted with mud. Black cotton stockings gone gray with much washing. A coat of some dark, rough material without the saving grace of fur. A

hat usually created by oneself from the odds and ends of mother's handbox. The dress had usually done previous service for sister, mother, aunt, or even grandmother, and had been cut over to meet the needs of the newest wearer.

There we were steamily redolent of yesterday's fried onions or boiled cabbage—but blissfully happy. The wedding fulfilled all our expectations. Indeed we were not brought down to earth until the Recessional. What perverse fate was it which prompted our dignified principal to raise his eyes to the balcony! Confronted by his beloved pupils en masse he went white with rage. All knew what to expect on the morrow. But the curtain is mercifully drawn here.

The graduation receptions were always red letter nights. On one occasion I had had the temerity to invite a real he-man from our neighboring city. Oh, the sweetness of the triumph in dangling him before the other girls. But that sweetness was short-lived when I learned that he did not dance, and I was forced to

sit tamely by his side through a danceless evening.

But then there was always the glorious anticipation of that long walk home in the moonlight. But again fate and the weather interfered. A sudden heavy thunderstorm arose and my Dad came for me with the old horse and carryall. Here was a contingency that I hadn't foreseen, and was absolutely unprepared for. What should I do with the lad? I stood hesitating on the steps with my swain beside me. The problem was soon decided for me by the gentle parental command:—"Come, you blockhead, get in here. I don't propose to stay here all night in the rain." So in I got and left the lad behind me. He rode home ignominiously enough on the back of the musician's hack.

One outstanding memory of even a patriarch is the beautiful, sympathetic, unselfish leadership of our beloved Miss Sargent. Never too busy to listen to our problems, never too hurried to give the needed advice. She was a steadfast prop and an inspiration to all.



A dance was given to the juniors by the sophomores on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, March 17. Before dancing, the sophomores presented an enjoyable play, "Right Around the Corner". The cast comprised Ellen Riley, Thorwald Allen, John Kennedy, Martha Curley, and Claire Lebel. Music was furnished by Casey's orchestra. The hall was appropriately decorated in green and white

and the refreshments were also in keeping with the occasion.

The party was in charge of several committees at the head of which was President William Graham. Faculty advisers were Miss Scott and Miss Veva Chapman.

On April 6th, Johnson High was again honored by the presence of Mr. Kingman, an expert glass-

blower, who is conducting his annual tour.

Mr. Kingman told, in an interesting way, from what materials glass is made, and he sketched briefly the process of manufacture. He blew several pretty articles out of glass, made "diamond dust", and spun glass. These articles were kindly contributed by Mr. Kingman to the group of similar articles which he left two years ago.

A touch of humor was added to the exhibition when Mr. Kingman asked for a volunteer to blow the water out of a duck. Charles Pitman bravely went up on the platform, and received rather a shock when the water blew into his face instead of out of the duck's bill. For his cheery grin even after the unexpected shower, Mr. Kingman presented the glass duck to the volunteer.

On March 17, the Freshman Class gave a return party to the Senior Class in the form of a George Washington Party. The hall was decorated with red, white, and blue streamers, and paper hatchets. Casey's orchestra furnished the music. The program was a bit different from anything we have ever had before, because between each specialty number there was general dancing. Both seniors and freshmen enjoyed themselves until 11 o'clock, when the party came to an end. The program was as follows:

Specialty Dance Isabelle Taylor
History Lesson—The Chopping of
the Cherry Tree

Leonard Windle
Julius Sluskonis
The Minuet Doris Lebel
Kenneth Dobson

Virginia Driver
George Flanagan
Alison Pitkin
Vincent Miller
Ruth Naiman
Wellington Cassidy
Beatrice Binns
Isabelle Taylor

Recitation

Specialty Dance

On April 8th the third annual Junior Semi-Public Dance was held in Stevens Hall. A capacity attendance was present and danced to the captivating harmony of Russ Holland's Virginians.

The dance was entirely under the care of the following committee: John Phelan, Chairman; Dorothy Wedge, Gertrude Currier, Arthur McGregor, Marjorie Gill, Morris Cohen, Jean Barker, Alfred Houston and Charles Donlan.

The committee extends their thanks to those who in any way helped the success of the party.

On April 21, the Johnson High School Athletic Association presented its annual play, the proceeds of which are to be used for athletics. "It Pays To Advertise" proved to be a very interesting play, and credit is due the clever cast and efficient coaches, Miss Green and Miss Oetjen.

The cast is as follows:

Rodney Martin	Foster Currier
Mary Grayson	Dorcas Curley
Cyrus Martin	Robert Richardson
Ambrose Peale	Robert Gagne
Countess de Beaurien	Joan Russell
Charles Bronson	Albert Kennedy
Ellery Clark	John Costello
Mr. McChesney	Morris Cohen
Miss Burke	Marjorie Gill
Johnson	George W. Busby, Jr.
William Smith	Daniel Balavitch
Marie	Alice May



THE CAST OF "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"



EXCHANGES



“Lawrence High School Bulletin”

Your cover was exceedingly striking. The poetry and the stories are commendable. May we suggest your printing of all advertising matter at the end of the booklet?

“The Cub”

Manning High School, Ipswich, Mass.

We were pleased to receive your last issue. It is a magazine which affords good entertainment. Your editorial shows the right spirit. “Peter Pan’s” philosophical writings are well worth reading. How about organizing your jokes under one department? A section of advertisement would prove beneficial to the paper.

“The Little Red School House”

Athol High School, Athol, Mass.

All your news is well written up. Your “True or False” column proved interesting, and your editorials de-

serve the highest praise. You are entitled to much credit for publishing such a good paper so often.

“The Lion”

Burdett College, Boston, Mass.

We welcome “The Lion” to our Exchanges. It was a pleasure to add this magazine, we assure you. The cover was very interesting. “Genevieve” proved an interesting story. It is difficult to state what we liked the best. Your literature, editorials, news and humor are praiseworthy. We suggest placing your jokes under some such title as “Jokes” or “Humor”.

“The Blue and White”

Methuen High School, Methuen, Mass.

We always look forward to your magazine. We think it is well arranged, well written, and especially we enjoy your Humor department.

Peter Sluskonis



A freshman theme begins, “One day at night. . . .”

Senior: “Did you ever take chloroform?”

Frosh: “No, who teaches it?”

Overheard in English

Cy Knowles: “He was blind in one eye and couldn’t see with the other.”

Definition written in biology class: Insects are beneficial to man because they give him something to do and break up the monotony of life.

Friend: “Which of your works of fiction do you consider the best?”

Author: “My last income tax return.”

Rev. (at baptism): "His name, please?"

Mother: "Algernon Phillip Percival Reginald Mortimer Duckworth."

Rev. (to assistant): "A little more water, please."

There's many a freshman who poses at being hard-boiled when he is really only half-baked.

Son: "What does the word 'chauffeur' mean?"

Father: "That is the name given to the driver of a motor car."

Son: "That wasn't the name you gave to the driver of the car that almost ran over you yesterday."

Artist: "This is my latest picture, 'Builders at Work'. It is very realistic."

Visitor: "But they aren't at work."

Artist: "I know. That's the realism."

Drummond: "Please may I wind up my pencil?"

Nason: "We hadn't been hunting long when my rifle cracked. There lay a big bear, dead at my feet!"

Busby: "Had it been dead long?"

Old Man (in street car): "Has anyone here lost a roll of bills with an elastic around them?"

Many Voices: "Yes, I have!"

Old Man (calmly): "Well, I just found the elastic."

F. Koroskys (to the butcher): "I want some lard."

Butcher: "Pail?"

Fannie: "Oh, does it come in different shades?"

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